

Dedicated to

FIRST
VERSE

Clark

SECOND TO NONE

SECOND
VERSE

Fredendall

THIRD
VERSE

Patton



MARCHING SONG OF THE II CORPS

FOURTH
& FIFTH
VERSES

Bradley

SIXTH &
SEVENTH
VERSES

Keyes

Italian Edition

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I have picked the best of the fight-ing troops, The Gen-er-al he swore; The
In the dark o'the moon we passed the Rock, And hit for the Afri-can shore; And the
 When the Brit-ish First got stuck in the mud, And set-tled down for tea; They
When the Brit-ish Eighth had chased the Hun From Mar-eth up past Sousse, We

8 8 8

cream o'the crop, the tip o'the top, For the Sec-ond Ar-my Corps. So we
wave of men that land-ed then Was the Sec-ond Ar-my Corps! The
 up and beckoned the fight-ing Sec-ond to help in Tun-i-sie. So we
swung a-round to Be-ja town And turned our forc-es loose; We

8 8

give our pledge to A-mer-i-ca, As we leave Brit-ain's shore - We'll
French re-sis-ted with all their might, And fought as French-men can; But we
 spread our-selves from Gaf-sa up to Sbeit-la and Mak-tar And pro
hammered him with ar-til-ler-y, With bul-let, bomb and blade; And we

8 8

carry the scrap a-round the map 'Til we win the god-dam war!
took Ar-zew, Ren-an, Sang Cloo, And marched in-to Or-an!
 ceeded to mop the dis-gusted Wop From Sen-ed and El Guet-tar!
taught to Fritz the meaning of blitz By the Sec-ond Corps re-paid!

8 8

Solo

Chorus

Who will make the FIRST at-tack? The SEC-OND AR-MY CORPS!
 Who will make the NEXT at-tack? The SEC-OND AR-MY CORPS!
 Who will make the THIRD at-tack? The SEC-OND AR-MY CORPS!
 Who will make the FOURTH at-tack? The SEC-OND AR-MY CORPS!

Solo

Chorus

Forge a-head and not turn back? The SEC-OND AR-MY CORPS! We're the
 Forge a-head and NOT turn back? The SEC-OND AR-MY CORPS! We have
 Hit 'em hard un-til they crack? The SEC-OND AR-MY CORPS! The Cent
 Leap a-head and not look back? The SEC-OND AR-MY CORPS! The

'Var-sity team o'the U. S. A. - Now let's roll up the score! The
 met the Le-giondes E-tran-gers, The Spa-his and en-core And the
 -tauros and Ber-sag-li-er - e Won't both-er us no more; For the
 Panzers are off to A-mer-i-ca, (But not as Hit-ler swore); For the

Sec-ond Corps is SECONDTO NONE The wide world o'er!

Next we scrowled off our londing croft
 And ships ond LST's
 And we fought our ways through cholky hoze
 'Cross the heart of Sicily.
 Up, up post Etno to the Stroight
 We bulldozed, climbed ond hit
 'Till Fritz he ron (ocording to plon),
 And Tony up ond quit!
 Who will moke the fifth ottock -
 The Second Army Corps!
 Bloze the troil and build the trock -
 The Second Army Corps!
 Thot donkey's broy along the way
 Wos Duce's dying roor;
 And the Second Corps is Second to None
 The Wide World O'er.

VERSE VI

The Fifth crashed into Itoly
 And found it quite o chore
 So it hopped, ogoin, they sent for the men
 Of the Fighting Second Corps
 And there ostride the Rood to Rome
 We slugged it out with Fritz
 Till round by round we wore him down
 In ninety doys of blitz.
 Who will moke the sixth ottock -
 The Second Army Corps!
 Give to Kesselring the sock -
 The Second Army Corps!
 The Ponzers goose step through the hills
 Their Ponz ore getting sore
 And the Second Corps is Second to None
 The Wide World O'er.

VERSE VII

With the winter possed in Cossino's Hills
 And Ropido-Bottle wise;
 New rugged men were reody when
 Two Corps reorgonized
 On Moy Eleventh our drive begon
 On Adolf's privote line!
 Our Fondi blow freed Anzio
 And soon in Rome we dined.
 Who will moke the next ottock?
 The Second Army Corps!
 We'll moke the Krout o reel Sod Sock,
 And prove then furthermore,
 Thot Speedy Two is oll true blue
 Deep down into the core!
 And the Second Corps is Second to None
 The Wide World O'er.